

THE PINKERTON

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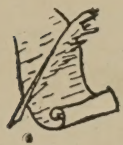
Olive M. Abbott

“PINKERTON”



DERRY VILLAGE, N. H.





EDITORIAL



SPRING FEVER

As time goes by, everyone has thought of spring as the time to sit back, relax, and fall in love.

It's always happened that way. The sun comes out brightly, the snow begins to melt, and little green spots of plant life shoot up everywhere, and you begin to grow mellow.

You think that life is wonderful and prepare to lie back and watch everything grow.

Americans are supposed to be industrious. What's the matter with us?

This year, why not try an experiment? As we're so near the end of the school year, let's try something new. We can prove to our parents and teachers that we aren't going according to tradition. Let's show them that we are going to boost our marks, sportsmanship, and cooperation.

What do you say? Let's show a little spunk this year. Instead of watching the plants grow, let's watch our marks grow.

Joyce Cooper '48

LOST AND FOUND

At last I believe the teen-agers are getting back on their feet and opening their eyes to a few things.

A great deal of grace and culture that seemed doomed with the advent of the Bobby Soxers apparently is struggling to the surface again.

Do you remember the time when we were outdoing each other in sloppiness of manners, dress, and speech? To be in style we'd come up to our best friends, wham them on the back, and yell, "You're looking fine, how long have you been dead?" or "Is that your nose or are you eating a banana?"

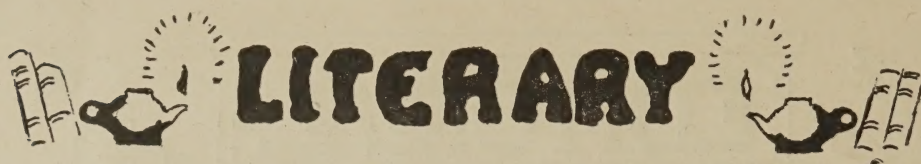
Now, much to my parents' glee, we can pick up the phone and not be confronted with a bored, "For whom does the bell toll?" or an encouraging, "Well, speak up, Bud, it's your nickel!"

Now the girls dress much neater and more sensibly, but no longer are we called "drape shapes," "gleam beams," or "girls we'd like most to jump off Niagara Falls in a barrel with."

As far as I can see, there is just one difficulty to overcome and that is wearing the new petticoats to school. You can make sure some old-fashioned wisecracker will be bound to say, "Hey, your next week's laundry is showing."

Just chalk him up as ignorant in the ways of milady's dress and tell yourself that he's lost in the past. We're all bound to find ourselves sooner or later.

N. S. '49



DECEPTION

Winter drear has passed away,
 Springtime with its birds and flowers
 Ushers in this beauteous day
 And earth is like to heaven's bowers.

Knowles

How lush this all sounds. The poet who wrote these lines sounds to me like a disciple of Rousseau, but that's beside the point.

What I'm getting at is that spring can be very deceiving and disillusioning. Take for instance the case of Mr. X. He wakes up in the morning and finds the sunlight steaming through his window and a robin perched on his window sill singing away the blues. But the first thing his senses are aware of is the wonderful exhilarating breath of spring.

Spring—the word is so beautiful. Spring with its balmy breezes spreading the fragrant aroma of apple blossoms and lilacs.

Mr. X can endure the thought no longer. He dresses rapidly and starts out on a short brisk morning walk before breakfast. He proceeds without his rubbers, hat, or even a sweater.

"It's nice out but a bit wet," observes Mr. X. Soon he meets his neighbor who has similar attire and the two walk down the muddy side walk commenting on the niceties of spring. They pass mud puddles and dirty snow but hardly notice them for the mere reason that it is spring and spring is supposed to be beautiful.

That night Mr. X wonders where he could have gotten such a bad head cold on such a nice day.

The following weeks are agonizing ones for Mr. X and most of his neighbors too. It seems that all the elements in Pandora's box have been released to plague him, and along comes that inevitable bit of irony—alas, he can no longer smell the fresh spring breezes or enjoy the fragrant apple blossoms and lilacs.

Spring came and left early for Mr. X but for some of us it is a different story. I am referring to the ones who get spring fever otherwise known as laziness. Everyone is subject to spring fever and everyone gets lazy at some time or another.

Spring is the time when very little work gets done in school or anywhere else, and one's interest is confined primarily to the opposite sex. This isn't always so, but it's the general trend and it affects young and old.

However, despite its discrepancies and shortcomings, the season of spring is a definite awakening of nature and offers a fresh start in life to many people. As long as one's resistance is strong and one can endure the unseasonable variations in the weather, there is nothing to fear from the box of Pandora.

Theodore Cote '49

SPRING—GOOD AND BAD

Every year about this time my mind turns from studies to the "finer things of life." This reaction is commonly called "spring fever."

In my opinion any person who is not affected by the coming of spring is not human. After looking at snow for at least four months who couldn't help but be joyous!

In the school room, things also take a change. It is practically impossible to keep your mind on studying. The windows are thrown wide open, and the damp, fresh air really does wonders with hair that is naturally straight, but that was curled the night before. But who cares, for if "love is blind" then your "latest" wouldn't even notice it.

Spring also brings a large amount of my "enemy No. 1," slush! Just the thought of it makes my blood curdle. I positively hate to go slopping my way to and from school, with water rushing down the street like a river.

So what do I get from spring? Just two things! Spring fever and black rings around my legs from boots. Fine combination, isn't it?

Patricia Butterfield '49

MY GRANDFATHER'S HORSES

My mother's father was a small town doctor of the horse-and-buggy variety. As such he had what is probably the strangest assortment of horses known to man.

The first of these my mother doesn't remember, but rumor has it that he was half-bronc. Even so he had only one main idiosyncrasy. He refused to start from home except from one spot. This spot was not in front of, or even near, Doc's office. It was some one hundred yards away. Whenever Doc wanted to start on his rounds, he had to hitch up the horse and lead him to this favorite location. Once here it was a problem to keep the horse from starting. Incidentally, my grandfather was a small man with a quick temper. Need I say more?

After a spell with this peculiar creature, my grandfather got a large bay mare called, strangely enough, Duke. She plodded along faithfully, if not brilliantly, for some ten years or so.

After a decade of Duke, a patient, to pay off a mounting bill, presented my grandfather with a handsome roan mare. Against everyone's advice, Doc put the new horse, Nancy, in the big box stall with old Duke. Duke was annoyed at having her privacy disturbed and promptly hauled off with a left to the rump, removing a triangular wedge of flesh and considerably marring Nancy's beauty.

As I said, my grandfather had quite a temper and was more than a little annoyed with Duke. However he later had reason to believe that she had showed good judgment.

Nancy turned out to be "sot" in her ways. Under harness she would seem to be working very hard but, like comedy skaters in the Ice Capades, would also seem to get nowhere—fast. As soon as the whip was laid to her she would kick. She kicked off the dashboard once or twice until Doc put a kicking strap on her.

One Thanksgiving Day Doc set out to visit several typhoid cases in the country and took my mother along. He wanted to get back in time for dinner so

he became a bit peeved at Nancy's futile pumping. He laid the whip to her. Unable to kick straight back, she swung her hoof to the side and knocked out all the spokes in the wheel.

Shortly after this Nancy left the Anderson circle. Old Duke had been retired to the farm so Doc got a dapple-gray whose name has since been forgotten. He was very large and an ex-racer. He had been retired from professional life because of a "trick knee" that gave out on him every so often. Like an old fire engine horse, he never forgot his career. Only experienced drivers could handle him and they never took a buggy whip anywhere near him. Usually he went along at a good, brisk gait and caused no trouble. However, the sight of a whip, a long straight stretch of road or nothing at all would set him off! The citizens of Shelby, Ohio, must have thought that Doc had a lot of emergency cases during the gray's two years.

Then along came the horseless carriage. Bless it!

Helen Small '49

SPRING AND MY MOTHER

In the spring my mother's fancy turns to thoughts of housecleaning.

The furniture is moved out of the living room and dining room and packed in the parlor. Rugs are hung on the line to be beaten. The ceilings and walls are dusted. When this is done, you have indeed accomplished a work of art.

Little particles of dust float down into your upturned face and find their way into your squinting eyes. Man's vertebra was not meant to bend both ways, so you get a stiff neck.

Floors are washed, knees are calloused, paint is washed and so are windows. Now if there is anything I dislike, it's to wash windows! No matter how hard I rub them, they persist in keeping their streaks and lint.

The worst is to look out and see your friends riding by on horseback. That's where you want to be, and so, the rest of the day you grumble and complain, to yourself, naturally.

Spring is the time of year that poets write about, singers croon about and New Englanders pray for.

My cat decides on a family every spring and blesses the household with three or more homely kittens. To my father's disgust, I keep every single one, until the ungrateful kittens run away with the graceful feline next door. Sometimes I'm not too sorry to see them go, either.

There are times when I think I'll roll up a coffee pot, coffee, bacon, English book and a few other necessities of life in a buffalo robe, and head for the mountains, or maybe the Londonderry desert, until spring blows over.

Patricia Coburn '50

BE PROUD OF YOUR STATE

Don't be a shirker when asked what state you come from. Speak right up and say, "I'm from New Hampshire." And then, the person who asked you will say, "Oh, you mean Cow-Hampshire, huh?" Now, right there you've got them.

Statistics show that of the six New England states, New Hampshire is fifth in its cow population. There are sixty-five thousand cows in New Hampshire,

which may seem like a lot. But, take a look at Vermont with over a million. It is said by the Vermonters that there are more cows than people in their state. The only state with less cows than New Hampshire is Rhode Island. And that is natural, considering its size.

One of the things of which we can be proud is the beloved White Hills. Mount Washington is, of course, the highest in the Appalachians. The resorts of the mountain district are famous the world over, and who could forget the "Old Man." Other things like the aerial tramway and the Mt. Washington Cog Railway can be greatly enjoyed. In the northern section of our state, we offer all forms of outdoor diversion and scenic beauty.

Now our state has some famous men, too. Daniel Webster, the famous orator, for one. His statue stands proudly in front of our State House. He was born in New Hampshire, although Massachusetts claims him. But, they're always claiming one thing or another. (No comments, please.)

Another person who is not a native, but who has written many poems about our state is Robert Frost. His poetry has done much to tell the rest of the country what our great state is like.

Of more recent fame is Brig. General Frank D. Merrill. He and his famous "Merrill's Marauders" played a great part in winning the battle of Burma. His brilliant battle tactics which were carried out behind enemy lines are nearly unbelievable. His conquests will never be forgotten by the Burmese.

Someone else who is from New Hampshire doesn't seem to want people to know it, though. Or maybe it's because he comes from a small town. He's a famous radio and recording star now, and claims he's from California. Now right there, anybody would know that's not right because anyone who has ever made good in the movies or radio is supposed to come from Michigan. I won't mention his name here because I know he'd like to save face, but his initials are J. S.

Something we can be proud of this winter is the way we've handled snow removal. Even natives from the state south of the border are admitting that we do a good job.

Our present statesmen, or should I say politicians, are always in the middle of any controversy that goes on in Washington. Well, may be that isn't anything to be proud of, but at least, it puts us on the map most of the time.

Although we are forty-third in area with nine thousand three hundred four square miles, and forty-fifth in population, we can be proud of our state.

Richard Hoisington

"TWENTY-FIVE WORDS OR LESS....."

This phrase, "Twenty-five words or Less," is truly becoming one of America's famous sayings. How many times during the course of a day we hear a radio announcer make the statement that Blank Company will give away a nineteen-fifty rocket ship or ten thousand dollars cash if one merely tells in twenty-five words or less why he likes "Skinless" Bananas better than any other brand!

The old box-top racket is always good for a few thousand suckers who have to run to the corner grocery store to buy a box of "Krispy Krunchies." All you have to do is to tear off the top, mail it with the usual "twenty-five words or less" and hope for a fortune.

Now we have a new scheme. It should be entitled the "Worthy Cause" racket. Fabulous sums are being given away and all you, the public, have to do is write in the usual "twenty-five words or less" on why you should support the "American Gall-Bladder Association" and to mail it to the headquarters of the sponsor, plus a substantial contribution.

A few of us are getting "fed-up" with these contests. We don't mind contributing to worth-while causes, but the idea of being lured into these contests and losing our faith in said products is getting to be too much. I suppose we will have to put up with it as long as we live in a democracy. But I guess we can put up with it as long as we don't have to write in "twenty-five words or less" why we like Communism better than any other form of government.

Glenn MacDonald '49

BABY SITTER EXTRAORDINARY

Many people think of a baby sitter as a girl who sits all evening playing records, eating whatever the employer has provided, listening to the radio, and in general doing nothing for a specified fee.

By vocation I am a student; by avocation, a baby sitter, emergency call receiver, entertainer to young and old. I'll have to admit it takes most of my time.

You see, I am a sitter for a doctor's family. You have no idea what delightful new channels this can open to one.

Last Saturday the lady of the house took the day off. This left the second lady of the house (me) in charge. It proved to be a strenuous day for me.

At seven-thirty in the morning I set out. I met the doctor at the door—"You go right in and make yourself at home, there are ten packages on the desk to wrap—dinner at exactly twelve o'clock—get the children up—make beds—vacuum—if there are any calls, call the hospital—so long!"

I laid my book on the hall table and did all of my work. Then, having an hour before dinner, I sat down to read.

"Nyla—please read my comic books to me?"

After bearing up remarkably under numerous hair raising episodes of Captain Marvel, Superman, Sub Mariner and other weird people, I prepared the dinner.

Aunt Helen, who is stone deaf, decided to tell me her life story. It was very interesting, but after an hour of her yelling at me, I was a little weary.

In the afternoon I played cops and robbers. This was fascinating considering I tied up the cops and kept the house quiet for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time. My reverie was broken by a jangling telephone.

"Is the doctor there? Oh, but I must speak to him quickly, I'm going to have a baby!"

After sending this unfortunate lady to the hospital and trying to bring my blood pressure down, I decided to listen to the new vic and the new records. In the middle of Trepak, in came Butch with a tall hat, boots and mustache in time to the music.

When I was relieved at seven-thirty P. M., I found the only thing I had really gained was a great amount of interesting information of comics and some much needed cash. Baby sitters don't work? HA!

Nyla Stowe '49

THE STRUGGLE

The forest was dark and silent. The fog and dew hung heavily on the air. As the dense mist gradually lifted, the sounds of early morning were heard. The inhabitants of the forest were awakening to a new day. Apparently, nothing could shatter the tranquility of the scene.

Suddenly, from the edge of the clearing there emerged the most magnificent animal that ever graced a forest. He was not just an ordinary deer; he was—The Leader! It was he who commanded his kind, led them wisely, and ruled as a good ruler should.

As he stood majestically in the breaking dawn, his beautiful coat fitting perfectly his powerful muscles, it was a sight to command admiration from the strongest.

He took a few steps farther into the clearing, then halted abruptly. The scent that assailed his nostrils could not be mistaken. His eyes, deep, brown and velvet, were now wide and alert. From across the clearing stepped his hated rival. Every muscle stiffened in The Leader's body. Burning fury stoked his dilated eyes with liquid fire.

The second beast watched as closely and their gaits stiffened. Their advance was slow and deliberate. The length between them reached ten paces; then they froze in their tracks! Not a muscle moved in either powerful body. An air of foreboding seized the fading dawn and held it.

Suddenly, as if by a given signal, they charged! The forest echoed and resounded with the crashing of their antlers.

Somewhat stunned by the impact, they both drew back, snorting and pawing the ground.

The second buck stamped impatiently, lowered his head sideways and tore in The Leader, who anticipated the move. The Leader leaped nimbly to one side, closing in quickly to strike with his hoofs. His adversary fell to the ground, his shoulder slashed and bleeding. Instinctively obeying the code of the wild, the Leader did not attack the fallen foe.

The defeated buck struggled to his feet, still unwilling to forego the victory. Again he attempted to charge, and caught The Leader with his horns. The Leader did not further the fight, for some hidden sense told him what he could learn no other way.

As his opponent slumped to the ground, the Leader loped to an overhanging cliff, surveying the forest that was still his. It had been a hard struggle, but he had won!

Joanne Merrill '50

TREES

Along the streets of old New England towns, many stately trees are found. Some tell the stories of the settlers, such as the tree under which the Penn Treaty was signed; but other trees have no stories of which we hear. To us they are just things that have always been and probably always will be here.

The trees that stand near my house are very old and weather-beaten, but still I can't help thinking of them as aristocrats. Each one, like a lady conscious of her appearance, chats with her neighbor over things that ladies discuss.

I wonder sometimes as I pass by them if they approve of me, for it seems, as I walk by, they nod their heads just as ladies would and then continue their discussion. They must have been acquainted with all the people who have lived in my house before me and must have witnessed many happy scenes. Still they stand, nodding, waving, welcoming my friends, giving shade, and asking nothing in return except to be left alone.

Bettie Richardson '51

Class Notes

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Our minds turn to basketball at this time of the year. Pinkerton Academy had a slow start, but as the season went on the team began to rack up a good number of victories.

The boys from our class on the varsity are: Captain George Mauzy, Arthur LaPorte, Channing Hamer, Richard Buckley, and Aubrey Oikle. Aubrey Oikle is also Captain of the Jayvees who have had an undefeated season.

On the girls' basketball varsity, Jacqueline Legendre and Phyllis Willey represented our class.

Our Senior Play, "Junior Prom," was held on January 30, 1948 and it really was a great success with a total profit of \$168.75

Those in the cast were:

Hildy Haines
Queenie Smith
Olivia
Mrs. Haines
Mr. Haines
Cora Haines
Chucky Haines
Frankie
Willie Vermin
Cassandra
Clarence
Dr. Prescott

Anna Dawn Eaton
Caroline Nutt
Nancy Rand
Irene Estabrooks
Warren Pillsbury
Lorraine Marquis
Donald McDivitt
Cecil Taylor
Robert Dubeau
Phyllis George
John Palmer
Dana Roberts

Also, those aiding in this presentation were:

Ticket Manager
Business Manager
Stage and Property Manager
The following were ushers:

Aubrey Oikle
Burton Clement
Richard Rand

Barbara Martel
Jacqueline Legendre
Phyllis Willey
Virginia Beckley
Edna Hills
Joan Thacher

Channing Hamer
Richard Nelson
Richard MacGregor
Robert Kelley
Charles Bartlett
Aubrey Oikle

We put on our Senior program with a great many Seniors participating. The first part was the reading of "The Night Before Christmas," and the last part

was the Nativity scene which was very effective. Those on the committee were Patricia Blanchard, Warren Pillsbury, and John Palmer.

Our class was very sorry when Patricia Blanchard was suddenly taken very ill and went to the hospital. We helped brighten her stay by sending her a large basket of fruit, chocolates, cards and also, a few of her friends visited her.

Who's that certain basketball player who even takes that certain Sophomore cheerleader on the egg route with him?

Something new has been added to our class. It's a diamond and it belongs to Corrine Cote who is engaged to Emile Therrien from Manchester.

John Palmer is also engaged to Jean Olesen, P. A. '47.

It's rumored that Pauline Hall has been in a daze lately, but I think the "Don" finally came.

What budding romance started in the Library sometime ago? Leave it to the "Fighting Irish!"

Joanne Butterfield '48

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

On Friday, February 13th, the chapel was completely transformed for the Junior Prom. Decorated with our class colors of blue and gold, comets and meteors whizzed around the walls and stars sparkled from the ceiling. The members of the class contributed all of their spare time to help with the decorating. George Tyler was chairman of decorations.

Gerry Kearney and his orchestra furnished the music. When the orchestra played "Stardust," which was also our decoration theme, we were sure Maurice MacDonald and the rest of the committee had done a good job of selecting the orchestra.

Robert Thomas was in charge of the invitations and Carlene Caldwell and her committee served delicious refreshments of ice cream and homemade cake.

Helen Small, Carlene Caldwell, and Stanley Shooka have chosen the Junior Play. "The Inner Willy" will be presented April 16 at the Adams Memorial Hall.

The Junior Girls are unbeaten in basketball again this year. Leona Morrill, captain, accepted the trophy which was presented in chapel by Miss Morse.

Bob Cournoyer is captain of the basketball team and the boys won the inter-class championship.

It appears that two of our basketball stars, Bill Hepworth and Ray Caron, are reaching a little high. Heppy has a secret crush on Rita Hayworth and Ray goes for Esther Williams in a big way. Honestly! Now we know how they came by the name, "the bashful boys."

Glenn has been seen crouching in weird positions and doing everything but hang from the rafters (give him time) in an attempt to get a good picture. The efforts are worth it because he has become sort of an official photographer for our Critic.

Of course we can't "Skip" the fact that Patsy has been having help with her Bookkeeping lately. We didn't know she was so low in that subject.

Joanne has gone from one redhead to another. This time it's a sailor from Londonderry. Some relative of Margie Moore's, we hear.

Irene Muzzey '49

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The main topic this time of year is basketball. Mary Hodgdon, Betty Chadwick, and Gladys Carter were on the girls' basketball varsity this season. Eileen Clark, Jacquelyn Hepworth and Lillian Marcotte helped out as subs.

Thomas Bailey and Harry Piper played on the Jayvees' team and Thomas was a sub on the boys' varsity.

The sophomore girls were fourth in interclass basketball, and the boys finished in fourth place, too.

We find that Joan has developed a fondness for Lamb(ert).

Has Tommy found his gold football yet? I think Mary Lou knows where it is.

Kitty has a gold football, too. I wonder who g(McD)ivitt to her?

Dottie found a gold basketball with (Speed).

Betty Chadwick '50

FRESHMEN NOTES

Spring is almost here and the Freshmen have had a busy year at Pinkerton. From the bewildered individuals who arrived at the Freshman Building last fall, there have been chosen the following class officers:

President:	Robert Wyman
Vice President:	Jean Spaulding
Secretary:	Marilyn Kumin
Treasurer:	Robert Chase
Student Council:	Claire Marquis
	Donald Ball

Our banner, maroon and gold, has been hung in Chapel. Janet Wetherbee made it.

Two Freshmen girls, Marilyn Kumin and Jean Dubeau, were on the honor roll.

The Freshmen boys were beaten when they played the Sophomores in football, but wait until next year!

The Freshmen girls won one game in basketball. The boys won three games in inter-class basketball.

Really, Virginia! Don't you think three in the morning is too late? Mr. Hackler does.

As this is leap year, a certain Sophomore boy had better watch out. Marilyn K. is on the war-path.

Sylvia West '51



Boys' Athletic Notes

On November 17, Coach Gordon McKernan gave the call for basketball candidates. At three o'clock about thirty-five candidates reported at the Legion Hall. Through the process of elimination, Coach McKernan cut the squad to fifteen. The players were Captain Skip Mauzy, Art LaPorte, Channing Hamer, Richard Buckley, Aubrey Oikle, Ray Caron, Speed Hodgdon, Billy Hepworth, Cappy Tyler, Jimmy Dougan, Robert Cournoyer, Tommy Bailey, Buddy Piper, Donald Ball and Robert Chase. Henry Therriault was manager and Curtis Henderson was assistant manager.

On December 9, we opened our season facing a power-laden Alumni quintet. The Alumni team consisted of members of the undefeated team of 1942. The starting lineup consisted of Skip Mauzy and Art LaPorte as guards, Speed Hodgdon at center and Channing Hamer and Ray Caron as forwards. Pinkerton won by a score of 38-33. The scores of the other games throughout the season are as follows:

P. A.	17	Lawrence Central Catholic	32
P. A.	27	Exeter	29
P. A.	26	Franklin, Mass.	40
P. A.	44	Punchard	32
P. A.	58	Atlantic Air Academy	17
P. A.	49	Punchard	47
P. A.	50	Sanborn	18
P. A.	51	Franklin	24
P. A.	38	Exeter	33
P. A.	53	Chelmsford	22
P. A.	64	St. James	31
P. A.	50	Franklin	29
P. A.	59	St. James	30
P. A.	49	Chelmsford	41
P. A.	62	Sanborn	5
P. A.	36	Lawrence Central Catholic	44

We finished the season with a record of 13 wins and 4 losses.

PINKERTON ACADEMY WINS STATE CLASS B TOURNAMENT FOR SECOND TIME

With such a fine record, Pinkerton was invited to play in the Class B Tournament, that was held in the Sweeney Post Gym in Manchester on February 25 through February 28.

In the first game we were scheduled to meet Lancaster Academy. We defeated them by a score of 72-44. Speed Hodgdon was high scorer with 25 points.

We met a powerful Somersworth team in the second game. The boys really got hot and we won by a score of 62-31. Skip Mauzy was high man with 14 points.

This victory brought us into the semi-finals against an aggressive Milford five. Here again the boys played fine ball and we won by a score of 38-34. Captain Mauzy and Ray Caron shared honors, each making 14 points.

The boys went into the finals determined to win again. Our opponent was a smooth-working Exeter five. It was hard-fought game but Pinkerton emerged

victorious by a score of 47-38. Speed Hodgdon took scoring honors with 15 points. Caron and Hepworth also played great ball, tallying 13 and 9 points respectively. Cappy Tyler and Skip Mauzy did an exceptional job as they controlled the defensive back board.

After the game Carl Lundholm, Director of Athletics at UNH, awarded the trophies. The team received a beautiful plaque and the boys received gold basketballs. Ray Caron won the foul shooting contest by making 19 out of 22 shots. He received a trophy. Another honor came to Pinkerton when the All-State Team was announced. There were six boys selected and Pinkerton was exceptionally fortunate to have three boys named on the "Dream Team." Skip Mauzy was appointed guard for the second straight year. Skip was also named Co-Captain. Ray Caron was chosen forward and Speed Hodgdon was selected as utility man.

It is an honor to be state champs again and at this time the boys would like to express their thanks to those who made this season so successful. We wish especially to thank Mr. Hackler, Coach McKernan and Coach Curran.

JUNIOR VARSITY NOTES

On December 12 the Jayvee team opened the season against the Lawrence Central Catholic five. Pinkerton led throughout the game and emerged victorious by a score of 28-24. The scores of the rest of the games throughout the season are as follows:

P. A.	36	Exeter	30
"	28	Punchard	18
"	26	Punchard	17
"	44	Franklin	22
"	48	Exeter	29
"	35	St. James	15
"	50	Franklin	12
"	31	St. James	15
"	24	Lawrence	20

Thus closed a very successful season for us as we finished undefeated.

Richard Buckley '48

Girls' Athletic Notes

The basketball season really started off with a bang this year. With Miss Morse as coach and Judy Gibbs as captain, we won all but two games. Our manager, Phyllis George, with the assistant managers, Patricia Butterfield and Frances Havens, also deserve a great deal of credit.

P. A. Defeats Alumnae

In the opening game, Pinkerton was victorious by a score of 27 to 18. Judy Gibbs was high scorer.

P. A. vs St. Joseph's

Our second game proved to be an easy victory. Betty Chadwick was high scorer. The final score was 20 to 9.

P. A. Defeats Sanborn

The first half was very exciting, but during the last half, we gained on Sanborn and the final score was 22 to 12.

P. A. vs St. George's

The P. A. girls traveled again and also won another game. This was the fourth straight victory and the score was 43 to 24.

P. A. Defeated by Chelmsford

The Pinkerton girls met with their first defeat when Chelmsford triumphed. It was a very exciting game to the last minute; the final score was 18 to 17.

P. A. Wallops St. George's

The Academy team was certainly good when they won the return game with St. George at the Legion Hall. The final score was 42 to 17.

P. A. vs. St. Joseph's

Another exciting game of the season was played in Manchester when the game ended with a tie, 23 to 23.

P. A. Bows to Chelmsford

Our second game with Chelmsford had the P. A. team putting up a grim fight only to lose 17 to 11.

P. A. Ends Season With Win Over Sanborn

At Kingston, our girls ended the season with credit with a score of 25 to 17.

The Pinkerton schedule with scores is as follows:

P. A.	27	Alumnae	18
P. A.	20	St. Joseph's	9
P. A.	22	Sanborn	12
P. A.	43	St. George's	24
P. A.	17	Chelmsford	18
P. A.	42	St. George's	17
P. A.	23	St. Joseph's	23
P. A.	11	Chelmsford	17
P. A.	25	Sanborn	17

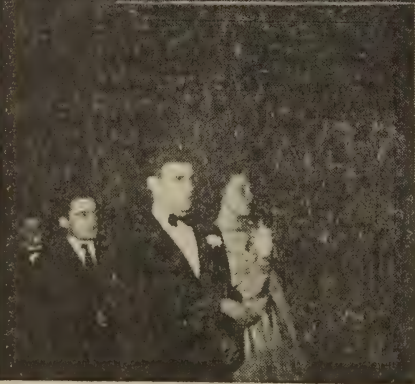
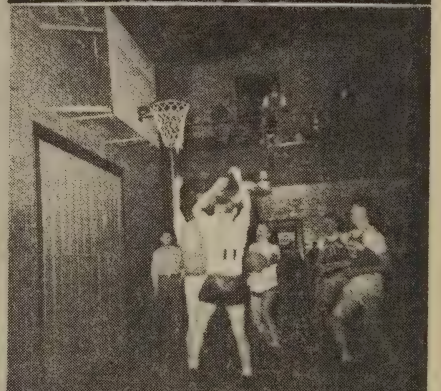
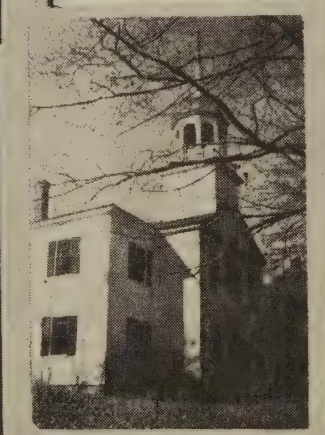
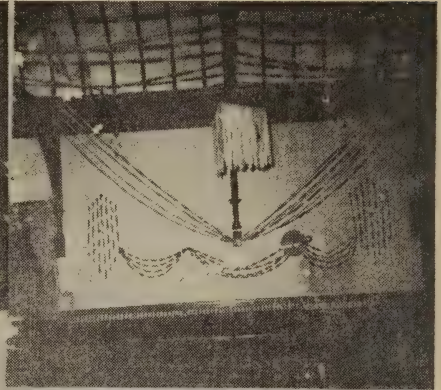
The Interclass games were won by the Junior Class, led by Leona Morrill, captain, and Jeannine Peterson, manager. This is their second year of winning the trophy.

We would like to thank Mr. Hackler, Miss Morse and Mr. McKernan for their co-operation. Our thanks also go to the whole student body for such wonderful support.

Leona Latulippe '48

Jacqueline Legendre '48





Alumni Notes

Marriages

- Miss Barbara Boisvert, to Winton Ralston, Jr., '44.
Miss Rita T. Laurin, Lawrence, Mass., to Raymond F. Buckley '44.
Miss Barbara Brooks '42, to Forrest Goodwin, Nashua.
Miss Barbara Joslyn '43, to Osborn Stone '39.
Miss Erika Marascheck, Brandenburg, Germany, to Carl Henry Guinesso '41.
Miss Margaret Smith '39, to Robert Ferguson Vose, Haverhill, Mass.
Miss Doris Joslyn '45, to Lester E. Richardson '42.
Miss Althea Sweet '37, to Williard F. Atwood Jr., Haverhill, Mass.
Miss Mary Sanborn '47, to Kenneth R. Holden, Chester.

Engagements

- Miss Barbara Ann Sumner '47, to Albert C. Warren, Chester.
Miss Patricia Senter '45, to William J. Levandowski '46.
Miss Jean Olesen '47, to John M. Palmer, Jr. '48.
Miss Corinne Cote '48, to Emile Therrien, Manchester.
Miss Freida Gardiner '39, to William W. MacKay '38.

Necrology

Louis A. DiPietro died in an Exeter hospital after an automobile accident. He was a native of Derry and was graduated with the Class of '44. Mr. DiPietro was president of his class each year while at the Academy.

Dr. Harry Spector died in New York City, January 4, 1948. He was formerly of Derry and a graduate of Pinkerton Academy.

Miss Helen A. Adams died in Pasadena, California, on December 10, 1947. She was born in Turkey and spent many years in that country. She was a graduate of Pinkerton Academy.

Interesting Items

The Misses Reva Wright '44 and Geraldine Stannard '44 finished their three year course of training and became graduate nurses at Mt. Auburn St. Hospital, Cambridge, Mass.

Conrad A. Fontaine is enrolled as a junior in the college of Liberal Arts, Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.

Rev. and Mrs. Samuel M. Meakin left recently for the Orient; they plan to remain there for six years doing missionary work among the natives of South China. He was a graduate of the Class of '38.

Pauline Nelson '46, was among the eighteen students named to the Dean's list for completing the first semester with academic standing at the Kathleen Dell School, Boston.

Donald O'Connor '47 and Sidney Gross '45 are on the Dean's list at N. H. U. for the last semester.

Ernest E. Berry, Jr. '42, who is attending Becker Jr. College, Worcester, Mass., is among those on the Dean's list.

Jean MacKinnon '47, was selected by Hugh Walter, well known portrait painter, to have her portrait painted.

Lt. Col. Arthur T. Learnard '31, is holding the important position of deputy chief of staff for personnel and administration of headquarters at an Alaskan Air Base.

Kermit Lee Shepard '47, had a leading role in the junior class play at the Bishop-Lee School of the Theater, Boston.

Arthur E. Mills '42, received a Gold Star in lieu of a Third Distinguished Flying Cross and Gold Stars in lieu of the Eighth, Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh Air Medals.

Lewis E. Morrison '45, is now serving with the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida.

Albert Kimball, senior alumnus of Pinkerton Academy, observed his 94th birthday at his home in St. Petersburg, February 5, 1948.

Alfreda Gaskill finished her preclinical studies at the Elliot Hospital School of Nursing, Manchester and on Thursday, February 26 received her coveted cap at an impressive candlelighting ceremony.

Cornell University has invited Pinkerton Academy to be listed among its certified secondary schools. This would grant any student the privilege of entering Cornell without examination provided his final grades are equal to or above the standard requirements.

Crow Notes

As the Crow was eavesdropping the night of the Prom, a lot of couples left the Prom and went down to the Bar-Bar-Que. As "Cammy" had a lot of "Speed," it didn't take them long to get there.

After the Prom, we wonder what the attraction was on Abbott St. As it was snowing hard, four couples decided they would stay up until the sun came up. After all, it was too stormy to go anywhere.

The Crow wonders if "Pat" has made up her mind to "Skip" around or quiet down with the Barn(yard) life!

What are the fine attractions in the Village? At least the Pillsburys think there are.

As Spring is coming nearer, Oikle has already started his Gardner(ing).

During school time, the boys think the best place to flirt is the Hall (way).

We see that Chuck isn't so bashful now. Has hanging around the Drug Store changed him?

We are beginning to think that Bucky isn't satisfied with the girls from P. A. He has been seen meeting a girl at junior high.

We wonder which laundry appeals to Claire M. most?

Mr. Hackler informed the boys that their basketballs were not to be given to anyone until they had them for three months. "Speed" seems to have lost his. Anyone finding it please return it to its rightful owner. Thank you, The Crow.

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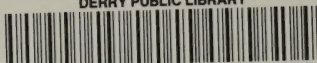
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